Rootie Kazootie and the Pineapple Pies

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ROOTIE KAZOOTIE and the PINEAPPLE PIES

by John Barrow

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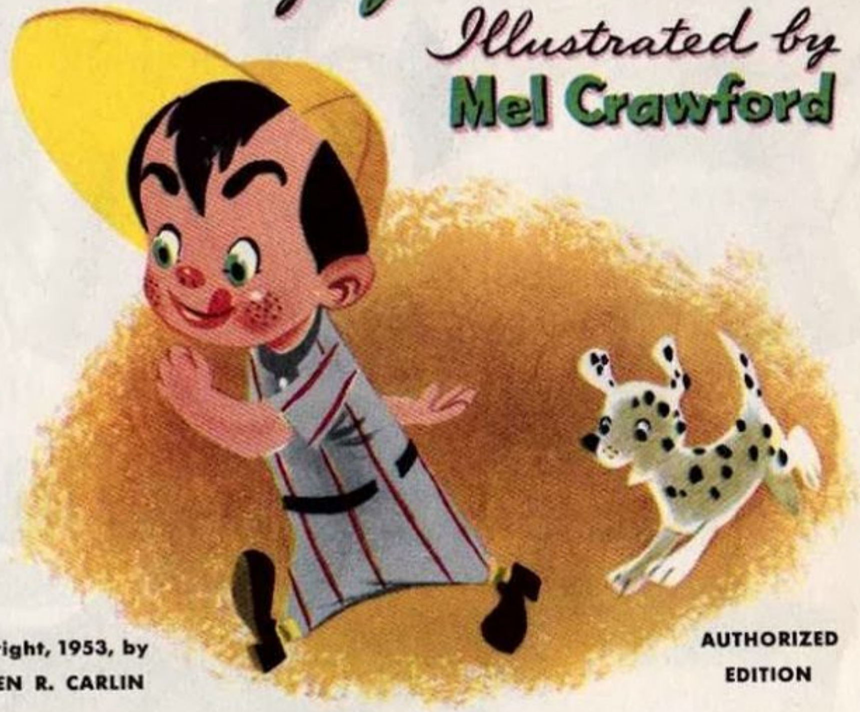

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Rootie Kazootie jumped up from the hammock. So did Gala-Poochie Pup. A wonderful, warm, pineapple smell came from Polka Dottie's kitchen window.

"There it is!" Rootie shouted. "Um-um, doesn't that smell good!"

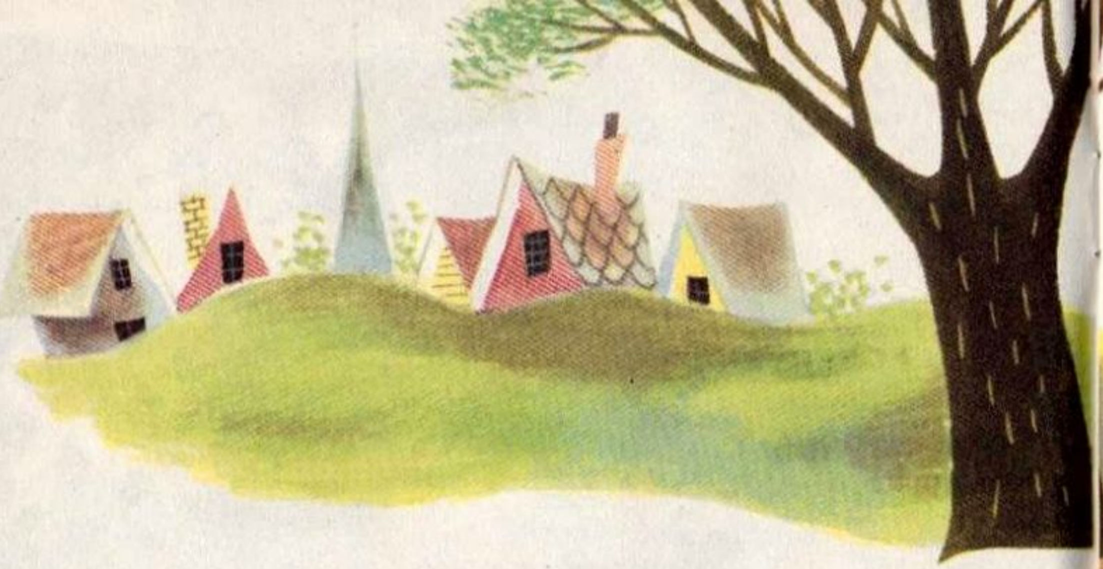
"Wooferootie, it certainly does!" barked Gala-Poochie.

Polka Dottie took from her oven a big, tasty, pineapple pie and set it in the window to cool. How good it looked! Rootie Kazootie stared at it longingly.

"Gosharootie, is there anything I

can do for you, Polka Dottie?" he asked.

"Why, yes, Rootie," said Polka Dottie. "Would you please watch my polka dot pineapple pie and see that no one steals it while I go to the Polka Dot Dress Shop?"



"You bet I will," Rootie promised at once. Maybe that way he could earn a piece of that wonderful pie.

As soon as Polka Dottie had left, Rootie and Gala-Poochie Pup started a game of ball. From where they stood, both of them could watch the pie in the kitchen window.

Suddenly, they heard a shout. "Help, help!" someone cried.

"That sounded like El Squeako Mouse!" exclaimed Rootie. "Come on, Poochie!"

Rootie was right. It was El Squeako Mouse, the great Mexican cat-fighter. His tail was caught in a mouse trap!

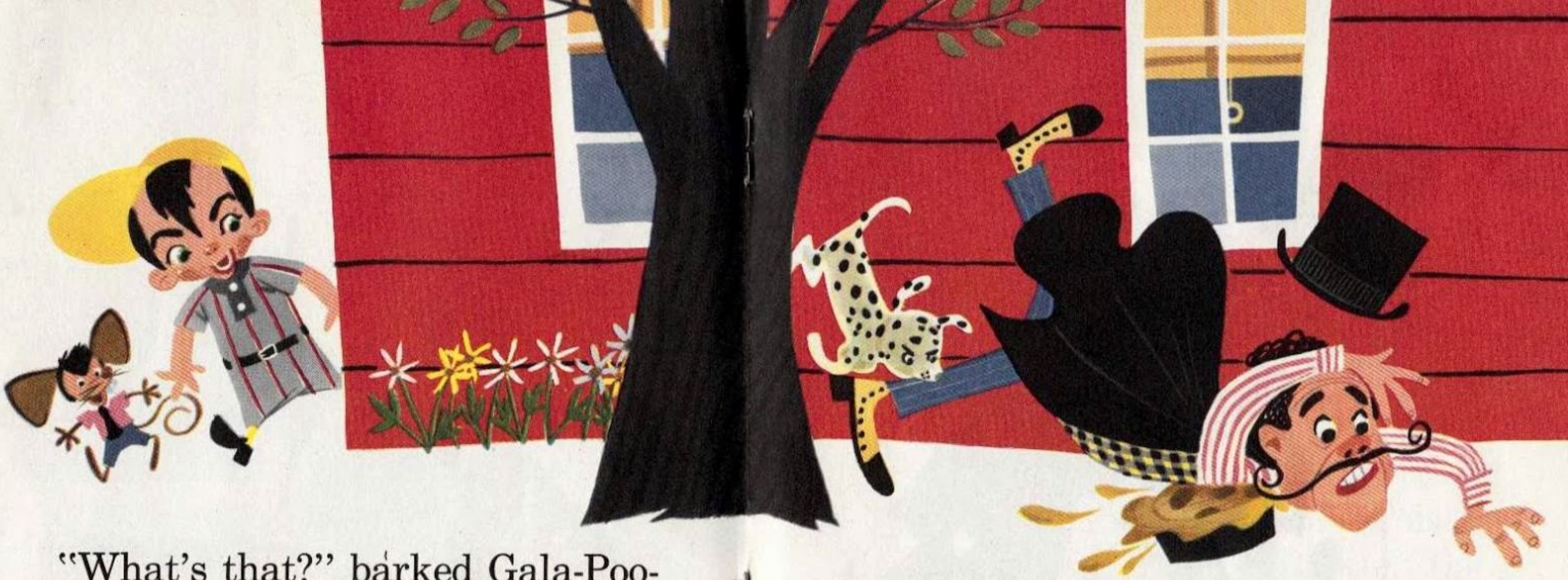
"Help, Rootie, get me out of here," pleaded El Squeako.

The trap was big and very strong. Rootie and Poochie pulled and pushed and pushed and pulled. Finally, the clamp opened with a sharp snap!

"I know who did this," muttered El Squeako, rubbing his tail. "It was that mean old Poison Zanzaboo. He's been hiding around here ever since Polka Dottie started baking her polka dot pineapple pie!"

"Gosharootie!" shouted Rootie Kazootie, "the pie! I forgot the pie!" And he ran back to Polka Dottie's house as fast as he could go, with Poochie Pup and El Squeako close behind him.

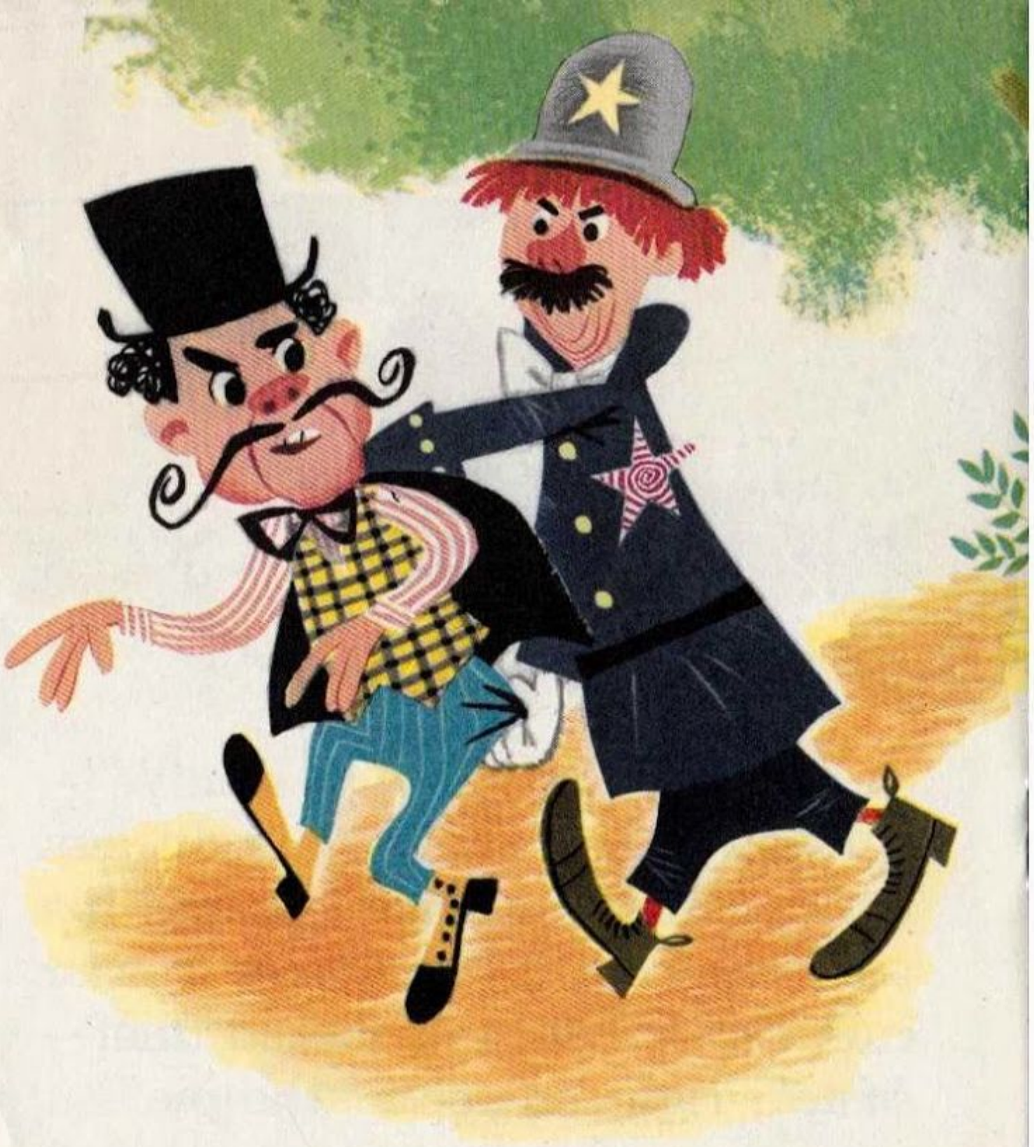
But they were too late! The wonderful pie was gone. Someone had carried it off!



"What's that?" barked Gala-Poochie Pup. They all turned quickly and saw a shadowy something skip around the corner of the house.

"It's Poison Zanzaboo, with the pie!" shouted Rootie. "Stop, thief!"

Away went Gala-Poochie. In less than a minute he had clamped his teeth on Poison Zanzaboo's trouser cuff. Down went the wicked thief—*smack*, right on top of the pie.



That was the end of old Poison Zanzaboo. Mr. Deetle Dootle, the policeman, hustled him off to jail.

But it was also the end of Polka Dottie's wonderful pineapple pie!

Rootie, Poochie, and El Squeako were very sad.

"What will Polka Dottie say when she returns?" Rootie moaned. "What can we do?"

They thought and thought.

El Squeako had a fresh pineapple he had bought from a traveling gypsy.

"Rootie, maybe you could bake another pie," he suggested.

But after reading every single one of Polka Dottie's cookbooks—and she had lots of them—poor Rootie couldn't figure out how to bake a polka dot pineapple pie.

Soon Polka Dottie returned with a brand-new polka dot dress.

"A fine one you are, Rootie," she cried, when she heard the story. "I'll bet all of you ate that pie."

Poor Rootie—nothing he could say would help. He sat down sadly on the back porch, holding El Squeako's pineapple in his hand and watching Gala-Poochie Pup dig in the corner of the garden.

Suddenly he remembered his Magic Kazootie and he had an idea!

"Gosherootie, why didn't I think of this before!"

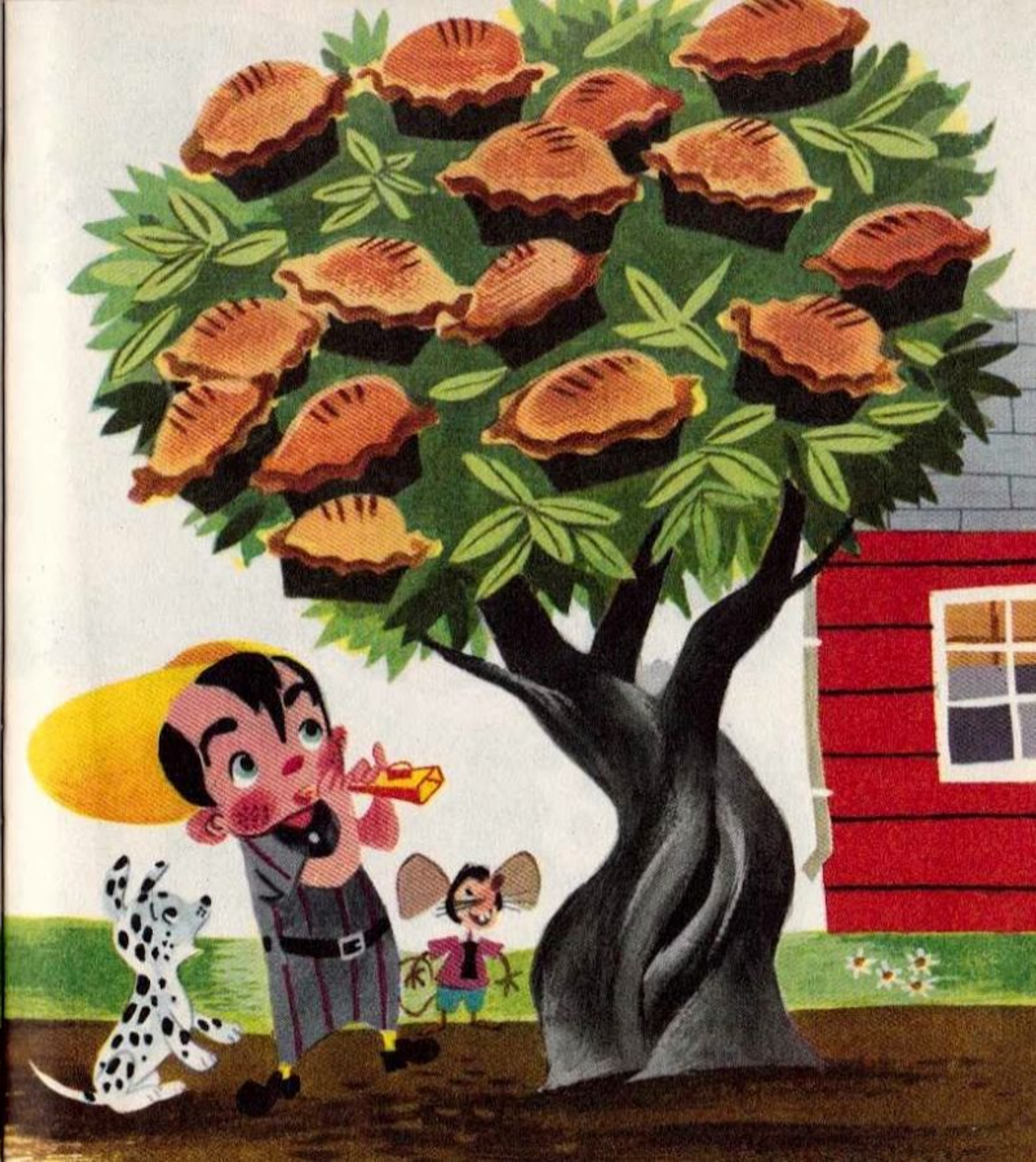
He jumped up and planted the pineapple in the hole Poochie had dug. Then he took a deep breath and tooted his Magic Kazootie over it!

"Toot, toot, tooterootie, toot!"

Bing! Up grew a beautiful tree as quickly as one-two-three! It was not a pine tree, not an apple tree, not even a pineapple tree. It was a wonderful

PINEAPPLE PIE

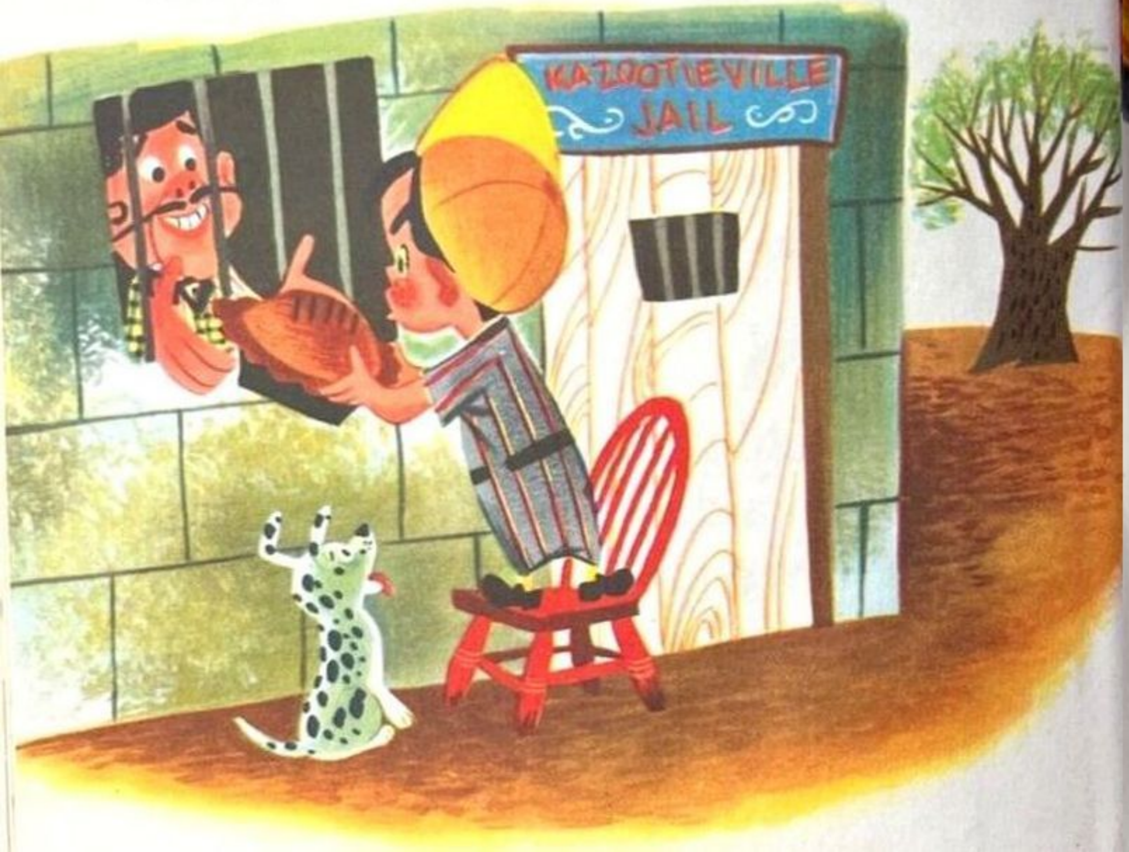
TREE!

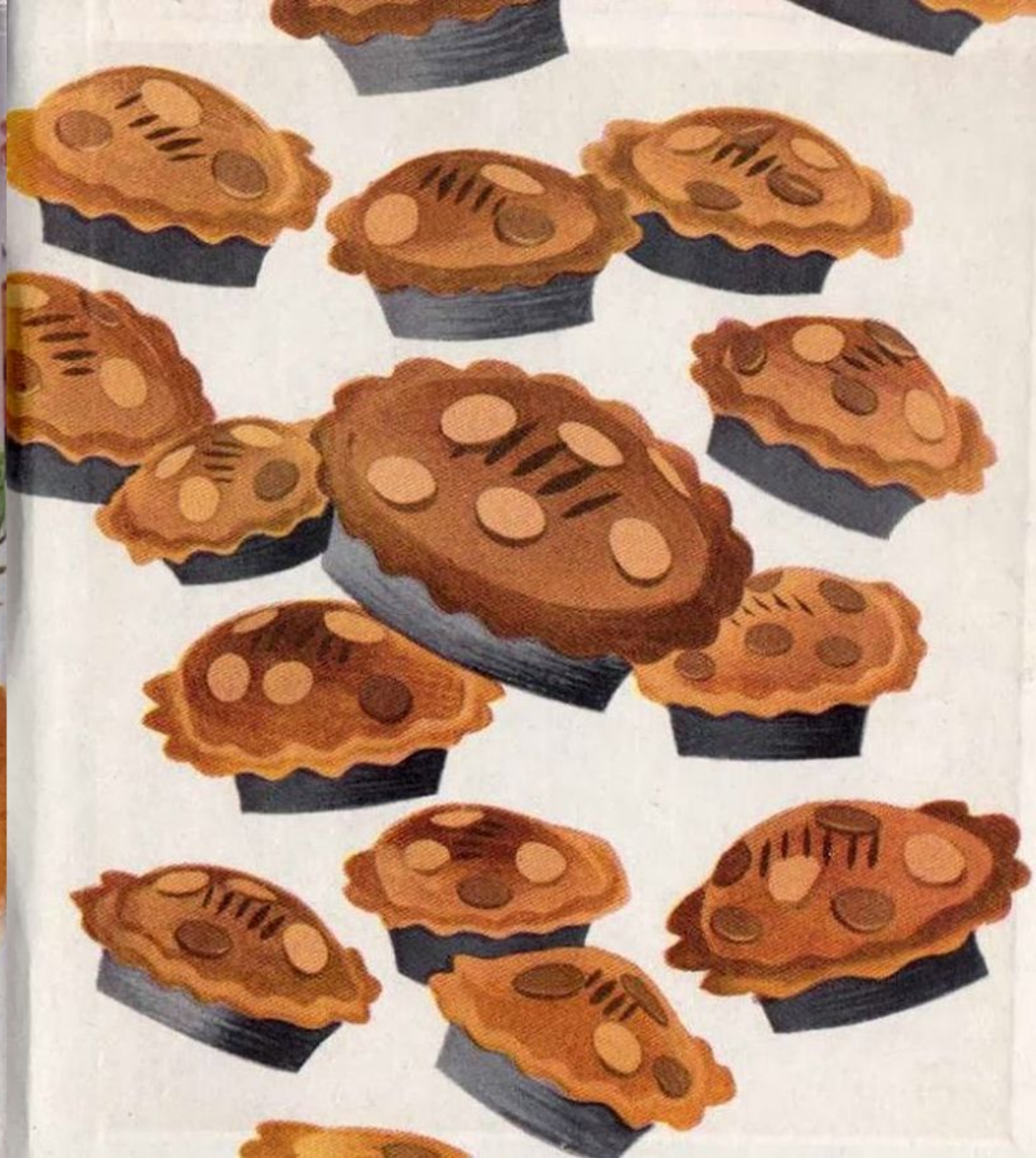


No one was more surprised than Polka Dottie, for the pies on the pineapple pie tree were actually as good as the one she made. She forgave Rootie and Poochie at once.

Everyone else was happy in Kazootieville, too, for there were lots and lots of pineapple pies. Naturally, Polka Dottie got the biggest and the best. Then Rootie Kazootie and Gala-Poochie Pup chose theirs. El Squeako said thanks but he would rather have cheese cake. His share was given to Mr. Deetle Dootle, the policeman.

And when everyone had chosen, there were still plenty of pies left, even one for the only prisoner in the Kazootieville jail, old Poison Zanzaboo.





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